

The Holt County Sentinel.

VOLUME I.

OREGON, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1866.

NUMBER 51

Holt County Sentinel.

(WEEKLY.)

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
CHAS. W. BOWMAN.
OFFICE—In brick block Northwest corner Pub-
lic Square, Oregon, Mo.
Terms—In Advance:
One copy per year, \$2 00
Club of ten copies per year, 18 00
and one copy to getter up of club.

ADVERTISING TERMS.

no ad. (10 lines or less) one insertion, \$1 25
one square six months, 5 00
one square one year, 10 00
one-half column one year, 25 00
one column one year, 40 00
Advertisers will please mark on their
advertisements the number of times they wish them
inserted.
Transient advertisements must be paid
for in advance.

Professional Cards.

M. SAVILLE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office—In Brick Block N. W., corner Public
Square.
OREGON, MISSOURI.
1889-ly

DR. V. J. ALLEN,
OFFERS his professional services to the citi-
zens of Oregon and vicinity.
OFFICE—At Ira Peter's Drug Store, 184 1/2
184 1/2

DR. C. S. MEER,
TENDERS his professional services to the citi-
zens of Oregon and vicinity. All calls will
receive prompt attention day or night, except
when professionally engaged.
OFFICE—At Residence.
1846m

DR. R. KING,
OFFERS his professional services to the citi-
zens of Oregon and vicinity. Having had
an experience of twenty-four years in the
practice of medicine, he hopes to be able to render
satisfaction to those who may favor him with
their patronage. Office at residence, west of
W. H. Stewart's store.
1885-ly

J. S. HUMPS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE—East side Public Square.
OREGON, MISSOURI.
TENDERS his professional services to the
citizens of Oregon and vicinity. All calls
will receive prompt attention, day or night.
1847

Zook & VanBuskirk,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Real Estate, Claim Agents, and Con-
veyancers.
OREGON, MISSOURI.
Will give special attention to the collection
of Claims, the sale of lands, the payment
of Taxes for non-Residents, and the Redemp-
tion of Delinquent Lands for Northwest Mo.
OFFICE—One door West of City Hotel.
1847

IRA C. BUZICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
1871-ly

T. H. PARRISH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Oregon, Mo., will
give prompt attention to all business en-
trusted to his care, in North, West Missouri and
Kansas.
Office—One door west City Hotel, up stairs.
1847

T. W. COLLINS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
OFFICE—In Brick Block, Northwest corner
Public Square.
1847

R. D. MARSHALL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
OFFICE—Southeast room in court house.
Will give prompt attention to any business
entrusted to his care in the Twelfth Judicial
District.
1847

GEO. F. LUCKHARDT,
PHOTOGRAPHER.
OREGON, MISSOURI.
I am prepared to do any thing in my line of
business. Pictures, such as
AMBOTYPES, FERROTYPES,
&c., &c.,
Taken in a superior manner, and at
Low Prices.
1847

HOUSE, SIGN, & ORNAMENTAL PAINTER
OFFICE—Over Walters & Robinson's
1847

Business Cards.

JAMES SCOTT,
TAX-PAYING AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Oregon, Holt County, Mo.,
Will attend promptly to all business en-
trusted to his care. Has a number of
good farms for sale.
OFFICE—At Residence.
1847

WILLIAM BASKINS,
BLACKSMITH,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Holt
County and the public generally that he is
prepared to do Blacksmithing in its various
branches, promptly and on reasonable terms.
SHOP—Second building east of City Hotel.
1847

JAMES H. NIES,
DEALER IN STOVES,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER, AND SHEET IRON WARE,
Northeast corner of Public square,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
Old Copper, Brass, and Pewter taken in
exchange for Tinware.
1880-ly

CHARLES S. BIGGERS,
MOUND CITY, MO.,
IS PREPARED TO DO
Blacksmithing and Turning Iron,
—ALSO—
Manufacture and Repair Mill Irons, Spindles,
Step-Gudgeons, Smut Spindles, etc.,
127-6m

HAMILTON DILL,
DEALER IN
DRUGS AND GROCERIES,
MOUND CITY, MO.,
DESIRE to inform the public of Mound City,
and vicinity, that he has just opened a
large stock as above, which he offers at the
Lowest Possible Figures.
118-ly

W. M. WYETH & CO.,
IMPORTERS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE, CUTLERY,
SADDLERY,
Corby's Block—Market Square,
ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Prices guaranteed as low as in any Western
City.
1847

MARTIN WHITMER,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips,
Spurs, &c.,
I continue to outfit "the army" that is to in-
vade Mexico. Captain HART, superintendent the
work department.
All Work Warranted.
Martin Whitmer.
Oregon, Mo.,—[140 6m]

PRICE HOUSE,
PETER PRICE, Proprietor,
West Side Public Square,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
The citizens of the county and the traveling
public are informed that this house is still open
and in good repair, with accommodations for the
comfort of boarders and travelers. The house
has with it a good stable for horses and a lot
for teams and loose stock. Thankful for past
and present patronage I solicit a share in the
future.
128-ly

PETER PRICE,
Forwarding and Commission Mer-
chants,
CASH WHOLESALE & RETAIL,
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
HATS & CAPS,
FOREST CITY, MO.
N. B. A large supply of Choice Family Flour
constantly on hand.
129-6m

FRICHINE,
Notwithstanding the ravages of this terrible
disease in the German States,
Continue to manufacture and keep on hand an
extra stock of
Work and Fancy Harness, Saddles,
Bridles, Collars, Whips, Spurs, and all kinds of
traveling goods in our line. We select our
own stock and manufacture our own work,
therefore we know that we can give entire sat-
isfaction.
Our price list is as low as any other manufac-
turing establishment in the country.
Before purchasing,
Gordon's Brick,
FOREST CITY, MO.
1871-ly

SQUARE AND LEVEL.

We meet upon the Level, and part upon the
Square.
How fraught with genial brotherhood these
words Masonic are!
Come, let us contemplate them, and hereafter
all declare—
We meet upon the Level and part upon the
Square.

There's a world where all are equal, we are hur-
rying toward it fast;
We shall meet upon the Level there—when the
gates of death are passed.
We shall stand before the Orient, and our Mas-
ter will be there.
To try the biscuits we offer, by His own unerring
Square.

Let us meet upon the Level then, while thus
we're laboring here;
We shall meet and let us labor—though the labor
be severe.
Already in the western sky the signs bid us
prepare.
To gather up our working tools, and part upon
the Square.

Hands round then—brother Masons—form the
bright fraternal chain:
We part upon the Square below—to meet in
heaven again!
Oh what words of precious meaning, these
words Masonic are,
We meet upon the Level, and we part upon the
Square.

APPALLING CATASTROPHE.

Last Hours of a Single Gentleman—He
Calmly Meets his Fate.
Yesterday morning, at eleven o'clock
precisely, an unfortunate young man,
Charles Augustus Pipkin, suffered the ex-
treme penalty of infatuation by expiat-
ing his attachment to Clara Amelia, in
front of the altar railing of St. Barna-
by's Church.

HISTORY OF THE CRIMINAL.

All our citizens who were present at the
picnic given in Mantus, some years
ago, will recollect that Augustus was
then introduced to Clara, and immedi-
ately began to pay her particular at-
tention. From that period their intimacy
dates, and it was continued until it ended
at last in the painful catastrophe of the
morning.
Poor Pipkin had barely attained his
twenty-eighth year, but there is every
reason to believe that, had not extreme
impetuosity prevented, his single life
would earlier have come to an untimely
end.

A change for the better, however, oc-
curred in his circumstances, and Clara's
friends were induced to sanction his ad-
dress, and thus became accessories to
the awful calamity which has overthrown
him in the heyday of his youth.

THE LAST HOURS.

The unhappy young man passed the
last night of his bachelor existence in
his solitary chamber. From half-past
eight to ten he was busily engaged in
writing letters. Shortly after ten
o'clock, his younger brother, Henry,
knocked at the door, when the doomed
man told him in a firm voice, to "come
in."

Upon being asked when he intended
to go to bed, he replied, "not yet."
The question was then asked him, "how
he thought he would sleep?" to which
his answer was, "pretty well." He
then expressed a desire for a cigar and
a glass of water, which were given to
him. His brother now demanded of
him if he would "want anything more
that night?"
He said "nothing," in a firm voice.
His affectionate relative then rose to
take his leave, when the doomed man
considerately advised him "to take care
of himself."

At precisely one minute after seven
the next morning, the victim rose and
promptly dressed himself. He had self-
control enough to shave without the
slightest injury, for not a single scratch
appeared on his chin after the operation.
It would seem that he devoted "more
than usual care" to his toilette on this
occasion. The wretched man was at-
tired in a light blue frock coat, with
frosted metal buttons, and white waist-
coat, and nankin trousers, with patent-
leather boots.

Having descended the stairs with a
quick step, he entered the apartment
where his brother and a few friends
were waiting. He shook hands cordially
with all present, and on being asked
how he slept, answered, "Very well,"
and to the further demand as to the
state of his mind, he said "he felt hap-
py." On one of the party having sug-
gested that he would be well to take
something, before the melancholy
ceremony, he exclaimed, with much
emphasis, "Decidedly." Breakfast was
accordingly served, and the poor fellow
ate the whole of a roll, a slice of toast,
two sausages, and three eggs, washing
the whole down with two large cups of
coffee. In reply to the expressions of
astonishment on the part of the com-

pany, he said that he "never felt better
in his life."

Having inquired the time, and ascer-
tained that it was ten minutes of elev-
en, he remarked "that it would soon
be over." His brother then asked if
he could do anything for him, when he
said he "should like to have a glass of
beer." Putting it to his lips, he re-
marked, "here's luck," and drank it
with satisfaction.

The fatal moment now approaching,
he devoted the remainder of his time in
distributing among his friends those
little articles which he would no longer
want. To one he gave his cigar case,
to another his tobacco stopper, and he
charged his brother Henry with the care
of his latchkey, with instructions to de-
liver it to his landlady with due solemn-
ity.

The clock at length struck eleven,
and he was informed that a cab was at
the door. He merely said "I am
ready," and was conducted to the ve-
hicle. Arrived at the tragical spot, a
short delay took place, when they were
joined by the lady, and her friends.
Little was said on either side, but Clara
with her customary decorum shed tears.

Pipkin endeavored to preserve com-
posure, but a slight twitching of his
mouth and eyebrows proclaimed his in-
ward agitation. The victim now walk-
ed side by side with Clara, with a firm
step to the altar. He surveyed the im-
posing preparations with calmness, and
gazed unmoved on the clergyman, who
waited behind the railing.

THE FINAL SCENE.

The preliminaries being gone through
with, and the prescribed melancholy
formalities finished, the usual question
was put: "Wilt thou have this wo-
man to be thy wedded wife?" To which
the miserable youth replied, in a dis-
tinct voice, "I will." He then put the
fatal ring on Clara's finger, the hymen-
ial noose was adjusted, and the poor
fellow was launched into matrimony.

Get Married.

A young gentleman was recently ask-
ing our advice relative to getting mar-
ried. He feared he might get cheated,
and also feared he would not be able
to support a wife. Our advice to him was
to get married; but first be sure that a
girl would have him—a very important
preliminary. We once knew of a fel-
low who would brag by the hour of how
near he once came to marrying the belle
of—

He said he courted her for
a year and asked her to marry him.
She replied, "No, sir, I thank you."
Said he to us, "If that girl had but said
yes, my fate was sealed." We congrat-
ulated him on his narrow escape. Young
men, get married. If unsuccessful in
your first attempts at proposing, try
again. Do not decide to keep out of the
water till you have learned to swim.

Do not wait, fearful of being cheat-

The girls are as near angels as they
ever will be. We have known acres of
them and never yet saw a wing among
them.

Do not think because the war is over
it is no time to sleep in arms. Do not
fear you cannot support a wife. Marry
a good woman, and your fortune is se-
cure. She will help you to become rich.
It costs less for a married man to
live than a single one. Get married,
get into business, love your wife and
not your neighbor, be honest and hon-
orable, and you will be happy, and uni-
versally respected. Get married—g-i-i-t.

**THE WOMEN THAT SCANDALIZE
CHRISTIANS.**—St. Jerome gave a re-
buke to the women of his day, which an
exchange thinks is not wholly inappli-
cable at the present time. He said:—
"Ah! I shall tell you who are the wo-
men that scandalize Christians. They
are those who daub their cheeks with
red, and their eyes with black—those
who plaster faces, too white to be hu-
man, remind us of idols—those who
cannot shed a tear without its tracing a
furrow on the panted surface of their
faces—those whose idle years fail to
teach them that they are growing old—
those whose head dresses are made up
of other people's hair—those who chalk
wrinkles in the counterfeit present-
ment of youth, and those who affect the
demeanor of bashful maidens in the
presence of troops of grand-children."

The old adage, "you should not
count your chickens before they are
hatched," is now rendered thus: "The pro-
ducers of poultry should postpone the
census of their juvenile fowls, until the
period of incubation is finally culmi-
nated."

GEN. FRANK BLAIR.

A PORTRAIT WELL DRAWN.

We clip the following graphic por-
trait of Gen. Frank Blair, from the
speech of Gen. John McNeill, delivered
at Hermann, Mo., May 27th, in vindic-
ation of himself after the cold blooded
assault of the doughty Ex-Chief of
Cavalry. It reads with a ring to it.
Here it is:

Such is the malignant and much
abused Strachan. What shall we say
of his maligner?

In all his course as a legislator, State
and National, is he the father of one
public act for which the people owe him
anything? Started in military life
with the confidence of the President and
the support of every loyal heart in Mis-
souri. The right bower of Lyon, the
hope of the State. What did we find
him out to be? More anxious to serve
in Congress than in the field, and I sup-
pose perfectly willing to take pay for
both duties. After the parade march
to the almost bloodless battle of Boone-
ville he rushes to Washington and there
cabals against Fremont because he
could not use him in the matter of pub-
lic contracts.

He is alternately in his seat and in the
field, and although clothed with rank
enough and given opportunities, that
would have made any man that was
half a soldier immortal, even "our
correspondent," subject as he must have
been to all the social and mollifying
influences of Blair's quarters, fails to
make him a record.

In about the only independent com-
mand with which he was trusted, he
succeeded in earning the disapprobation
of General Grant, for devastating a
country already in our possession. In
his march through the country for thirty
miles in the rear of Vicksburg, I am
credibly informed that he burned the
houses of all the women whose husbands
were in the Confederate army—destroyed
all the provisions and left a waste be-
hind him. This is the heroism of this
vaunting braggart.

When he arraigns the record of other
officers, I commend him to a prudent
caution with regard to his own. When
he summons the ghosts of my victims
to "re-vist the pale glimpses of the
moon," let him be careful that the shade
of McPherson does not come to "sear
his eye-balls," and to confound him
for gross and palpable mismanagement
before Atlanta.

My dead will appear in butternut.
None fell on my own side through my
incompetency.

But General Blair has joined again
to the Democracy. Let us leave him
with his idols. That party is welcome
to their acquisition, for I am satisfied
that Blair and his family have been the
worst enemies to this State ever since
the death of General Lyon.

The first pledge of his sincerity, un-
der his re-enlistment in the Democracy,
is the abuse of every man the loyal peo-
ple of Missouri have honored or con-
fided in. To appear doubly in earnest,
he goes out of his way to assail me.
I here make my acknowledgements to
the gentleman that he did not consider
me too small game for his notice.
Perhaps if the Senate had confirmed
him, not for dog-killer, but for the more
lucrative situation of Collector of United
States revenue at St. Louis, he would
have felt in a better humor toward other
"dead ducks." I commend him to pa-
tience. He may come to life again,
and yet come in for his share of the
President's bread and butter.

While Blair is roaming the State of
Missouri, denouncing the New Consti-
tution, I ask his political associates,
and more especially the zealous brethren
who foot his bills, what are his respon-
sibilities for the passage of this Consti-
tution.

SOUTHERN HUMANITY.—One of the
rebel organs of Memphis has the fol-
lowing:

A grand ball will be given at the
Gayoso House on the 3d of May, for
the benefit of the maimed soldiers of the
armies of the Confederate States. This
noble project deserves every encourage-
ment from our citizens, and will not
fail to prove a grand success. Feed
the Confederates and let the d-d Union
people starve.

Why is a drunkard hesitating to sign
the pledge like a skeptical Hindoo?
Because he doubts whether to give up
the worship of Jug or not.

Where's Smith?

If there is a man by the name of
John Smith in the United States, he
is hereby informed that there is a letter
for him in the postoffice.—[Baltimore
Sun.

The last we heard of Mr. Smith he
was living in Michigan.—[Toledo
(Ohio) Blade.

That's a mistake. Smith was sent
to the penitentiary from here for steal-
ing a keg of scrap iron whisky.—[Buf-
falo Advertiser.

All wrong. John Smith has been
arrested and sent to Sing Sing, for
participating in a copperhead conven-
tion at Albany.—[Broome Republican.

Oh, phaw! John Smith is over
here editing the Alta California, and
superintending the construction of a
whirligig to grind smoke.—[S. F.
Flag.

Mistake somewhere. Smith was in
Marklevill all summer, with a wheel-
barrow, wheeling sunshine down in a
cellar to dry buckwheat.—[Alpine
Chronicle.

The identical John Smith, above re-
ferred to, recently appeared in the city
of Atchison, and is running a snake and
monkey show, at the corner of Fourth
and Commercial streets.—[Atchison Free
Press.

Beg your pardon, but that Smith has
been in this city all winter, acting as
assistant tutor in a political gymnasium.
—[Leavenworth Bulletin.

All wrong gentlemen. John Smith is
neither constructing a whirligig to grind
smoke nor wheeling sunshine down a cel-
lar to dry buckwheat, but is an honored
representative in the present legislature
here, and answers his name at roll call
with as much nonchalance as if it were
simply Jones or Brown.—[Topeka
Leader.

All wrong, Smith has turned "ab-
olitioner," and at last account was run-
ning a "nigger" machine at Junction
City, Kansas. We glean from the
Union of the 13th ultimo.—[Kansas
Democrat.

You are all badly posted for news
paper editors, John Smith was blown
up by a steamboat on the Tombigbee a
few weeks ago, and has not come down
yet.—[Mobile Times.

We are pleased to inform our readers
that it is true that John Smith was
blown up on the Tombigbee and he has
just come down and landed in West-
on. The omnipresent John still sur-
vives!—[Weston Times.

If it's Smith you mean, you must all
be miserably muddled. He was but
recently a resident of this place, where
he practiced at the bar (outside), ran
for mayor, then school commissioner,
was defeated for both, and left in dis-
gust, swearing the people were all d-d
fools!

A GREAT MAN.—The largest man
on record was Miles Darden, a native of
North Carolina, who was borne in that
state in 1898, and who died in Tennes-
see in 1857. He was seven feet and
six inches high, and in 1845 weighed
871 pounds. In 1839 his coat was
buttoned around three men each of them
weighing over two hundred pounds who
walked together in it across the square
at Lexington. In 1850 it required
thirteen and a half yards of cloth, one
yard wide, to make him a coat. Until
1853 he was active and lively, and able
to labor; but from that date he was
compelled to stay at home, or be haled
about in a two-horse wagon. His coffin
was eight feet long, thirty-five inches
deep, thirty-two inches across the breast,
eighteen across the head, and fourteen
across the feet. It required twenty-four
yards of velvet to cover the sides and
lid of his coffin. Miles Darden was
twice married.

ANTIQUITY.—A lawyer and a doctor
were once discussing the antiquity of
their respective professions, and each cit-
ed authority to prove his the most an-
cient. "Mine," said the disciple of
Lycurgus, "commenced almost with
the world's era: Cain slew Abel, and
that was a criminal case in common."
"True," rejoined Esculapius, "but my
profession is coeval with creation itself.
Old mother Eve was made out of a rib
taken from Adam's body, and that was a
surgical operation." The lawyer
dropped the green bag.

A man must have a very bad opinion
of himself not to be willing to appear
what he really is.